



Ivy Leaves

**Anderson College
Literary Magazine
1986-87**

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Dear Readers,

The 1986-87 Ivy Leaves staff is proud to present this year's publication. Our time spent judging the entries has been rewarding, yet time-consuming and difficult. We feel that the following literary and artistic works represent the best of those submitted.

Thanks to the staff for their time, effort, and interest.

Special thanks to Doug Davison and Susan Wooten. Their work is greatly appreciated.

-- David

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VISION

Beyond the realm of daily existence,
a dream floats on the billows of the mind.

The turmoil of surface problems fade
as tomorrow rises on the horizon.

Today becomes a memory, jaded with failures
of dreams not fully realized.

Tomorrow rises in newness--new life, fresh starts,
new hopes, new achievements.

Impossible is but a word in tomorrow's world;
what the mind perceives, that it becomes.

Seeds planted in the fertile soil of the mind
will flourish in the children of the future.

Watered with the sweat of the brow or the tears
of a broken heart, the seed will grow.

Producing tender plants, growing into maturity,
bearing the fruit of a long-ago dream.

-- Ameldia Todd

"I"

Awake, I've risen.
Dressed, I am.
Breakfast, I'm fed.
Driving, I'm comfortable.
School, I'm at.
Break, I'm lazy.
Home, I'm happy.
Homework, I've done.
Sleep, I'm ready!

-- Tracey Kulesh

A Season For Us

A season of our memories.
A year four times and again.
A sole sententious spring.
The nascent and bound
of something so stunning.

Leaves show their tone.
Flowers show their flush.
Birds and Bees so lustily active.
Why is it destined to demise?

Frigid hearts, glacial dreams
slip like unresponsive deliberation
Searching, For the eternal season
that for today has been damned.
Could it? Would it? Blow in again.

The sun has settled may times
since the leaves have departed.
Concealed so proper,
somewhere is a hint of spirit.
Don't, not for an instant
assume it's gone.

Spring could rise again,
freshly glorious than the bygone.
Bring back the blooms,
That we once shared.

-- Donnie Jenkins

“OUR OUTER APPEARANCE ONLY CLOAKS WHAT
IS INSIDE.
TO REALLY APPRECIATE AND LOVE A PERSON,
WE MUST DELVE INTO THEIR DISGUISE AND
ACCEPT THEM AS THEY ARE.”

-- Missy Tweedell

Negative words pass by their lips.
Everything around them is so cold. The
Ugly surroundings describe their attitudes. There is
Too much sadness, as
Remembering is all there is left. Now
Arguing replaces their love and the
Love that was once theirs is now gone.

Time is the element that is needed the most.
Outward expressions show their true feelings, and
Now they know they need to part,
Everywhere the memories linger. But
Soon enough the pain will end.

-- Christine Allen

I MISS YOU

Upon my first glance at you,
I noticed something special in your eyes
Something warm, passionate and colorful
Something far beyond the unexpected.

Looking at you in a different light,
A dark spot in my life seems to shine
Sharing my everyday occurrences
Listening, caring, taking away my problems.

Listening to you for guidance
Wondering what the future holds
Sharing a very special relationship
Best friends in the world.

Even though we are spread many miles apart,
I will always be with you.
Giving me the courage to start fresh and new
A period of time for a new beginning.

-- Jimmy Stewart



Chris Whitfield

Chris Parker

Geometric Noise

I hate to rise from my rectangle
Go to school! Learn triangles!
I'd rather be home
Than all alone
In a world of Euclid's bangles.

-- Tracey Kulesh

The Search for Happiness

So many people wonder
Where happiness is found.
They beat the paths of life
Searching for a solution
That is sound.
It is not an easy conquest
to tackle on one's own.
And they find themselves
crying out
because they are afraid
to be alone.
Walking dirty, desolate streets
of cities full of faces,
Blank eyes staring outward
at other empty spaces.
Always looking on the outside
of a world that wears a mask.
The people dress their bodies
for a masquerade
that will not last.
When the masquerade is over
and the mirage is at an end,
the people find true
happiness
Takes looking deep within.

-- Kelly Clark

Anderson College

Listen to our heart beat ringing from
Library, Watkins, Sullivan and athletic field.

Listen to the subtle and persistent sound
that our small bones are growing full.

This is where our eyes get sparkling, learning
the meaning of love and the Divine Providence.

This is where our faces look complacent,
recognizing the secret of universe.

Anderson College!

Do you see the force emitting from you?
Do you notice the magnitude shown through you?

Everything is becoming faint and pale before you.

You alone are shining solemnly, supremely,
magnificently and lovely.

We are going forward to wider world
looking back at you.

-- Hyae-yeon Churchill

Destiny

Destiny is bestowed upon us,
Stranger than imaginable.
Try not to steer.
Adventurous is the ride.
We'll soon arrive.

-- Donnie Jenkins

When I am away from you,
I can really understand
Why I want to be near you, and
why I'm happy just holding your hand.
Words can never express what you
really mean to me,
You've helped me in many ways,
and now I can really see.
I can finally see the beauty in
things I had never thought of,
So much love is in my heart,
I thank you and God above.
You've helped me open my heart,
when I never could before,
My heart and soul are open for you,
and I'll never close that door.
The road that we travel,
is definitely made for two,
But if we're ever apart,
don't forget that I love you!

-- Becky Campbell

Controversy

Calculus class
Freshman fail or pass
Commuter parking
Petition signing
Term paper deadlines
Library book fines
Class cancellations
Not studying the nations
Canteen food
"What's the special?" mood
Student government posters
"Do for your school or liars?"
Graduation cap and gowns
Happy faces, frowns.

-- Tracey Kulesh

WHY?

I sit and think about the love we shared.
You listened, you noticed, you cared.
Why did it happen to you?
I sit and think about what could have been.
My granny, my guide, my friend.
Why did it happen to you?

-- Karen Rushing

I can't believe it happened,
Back-stabbed by a friend.
Another night of hell, because
She broke my heart again.

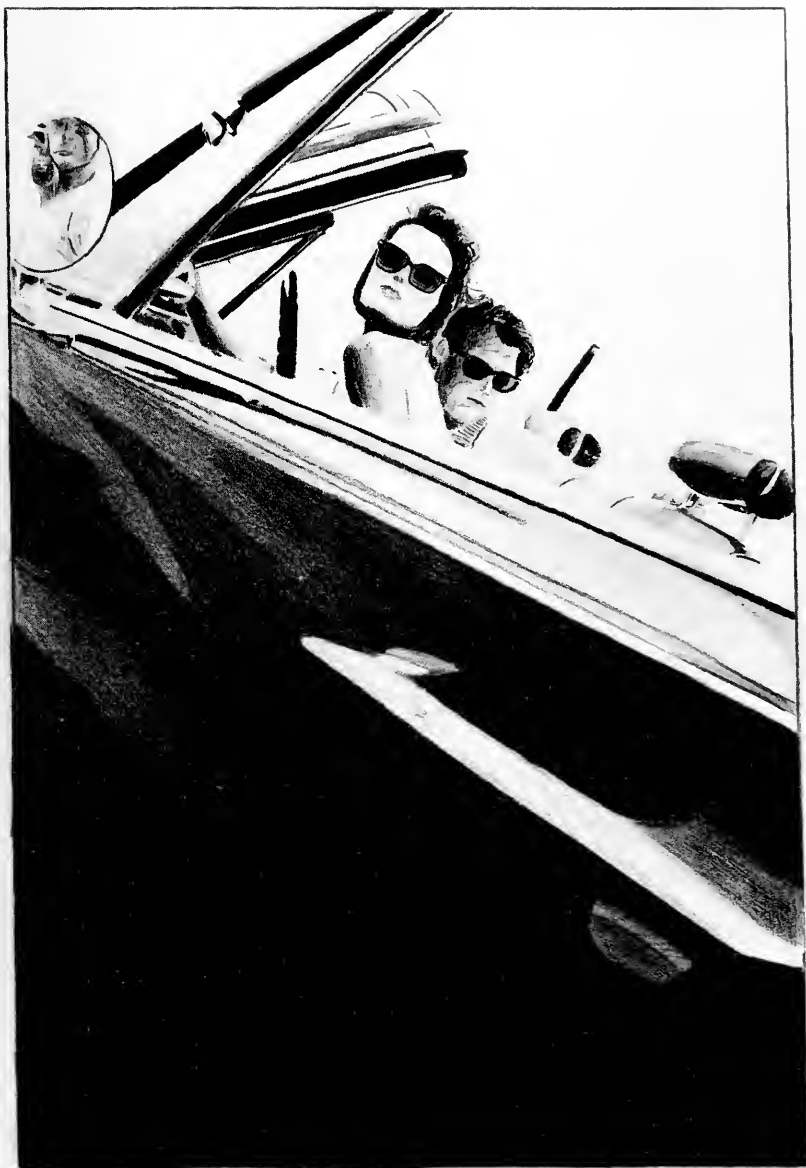
Thoughts of her all weekend,
I can't stand to be away,
And I knew she'd think of me,
Because she feels the same way.

The call she gave me Sunday,
Started a night of sleep I missed,
When she told me with a little voice,
"A friend of yours I kissed."

I should have ended it then,
Left her to cry alone that night.
But I didn't want a man's revenge.
I said, "B.J., it's all right."

Why can't I leave her stranded,
And go my separate way?
Without her I'm a lonely guy;
With her I'm hurting every day.

-- anonymous



Mark Hooper



Dawn Barnhart

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Stephen Brogdon



Chris Whitfield

Chris Whitfield

THE RIVER TIME

The little white house seems to shake on its foundation in cadence with the shouts issuing from within. Today she wears too much make-up, yesterday her jeans were too tight and the day before that she was gone shopping too long. The front door opens with a crash and the young man storms angrily off the porch followed by the wretched sobs of his wife.

The gravel crunches under his feet as he sprints down the road to the river. There is no reason to sustain his marriage; after all, her family and friends will provide her with plenty of support. He will go to the mountains and live in seclusion, so she may never find him when she realizes her mistake.

Walking along the river now, too tired to run any longer, he comes to his favorite spot under a huge cottonwood. The self-pity overwhelms him and he begins to cry. When the tears start to diminish, he commences looking at the river and ponders its serene continuity: it has always been there to comfort him in times of distress. Looking across the water he sees a boy rushing home from the river and remembers a poem his father wrote.

Runny nose and golden curls,
No use for girls or books.
The youthful face hints,
At a handsome man to be.
And sprinting thru fields,
Infers touchdowns
and field goals for three.

Stimulated by a blaze of emotion, he jumps into the river and begins to swim upstream. The watercourse becomes River Time, and every stroke takes the young man further away from the present. While he swims, his mind floats back to his boyhood and he recalls one event in particular.

Every December, he and his father would walk the countryside looking for a Christmas tree, and each year they would pass through a narrow clearing on the side of a hill. In the exact center of the clearing there stood a small but perfectly formed cedar which his father would always refuse to cut. The boy and the tree grew, each like the other, a little every year.

When his father died, the boy became very depressed; but with December's arrival, he made the traditional journey alone to his beloved tree, and hoping to relieve his depression, he took it home. After Christmas, the tree was brown with death, so the boy sadly carried it to the river and threw it in the water. Filled with melancholy, he cried all the way home while thinking of how barren the hill had looked without a splash of green in its middle. In his desire to possess its beauty, he had killed it; therefore, he promised never again to selfishly possess something he loved.

The young man swimming in the River Time crosses to the bank and gets out of the water. He realizes his boyhood oath has been broken. On the way home, he thinks of the challenges ahead of him, for a man is hard-pressed to change his character. Quickening his pace and beginning to smile, he thinks of a little poem for his wife.

I've learned a virtuous principle,
From cruel Teacher Pain.
My wish to possess you,
I must constrain.

-- Tim Teitloff

JILL

You are gone forever.
I can't really see it.
Inside I'm confused;
I don't want to face it.

How could you leave me
Here all alone?
You are my best friend,
But now you are gone.

You were always there for me
When I needed you most.
You never acted superior;
You never did boast.

Seems things always change,
But not for the best,
I wish they didn't have to;
I feel so depressed.

I think of our lives
And memories we shared,
Of our wonderful friendship
And how much you cared.

I think of your death
And what it must be like.
Is it cold and dark;
Or is heaven all bright?

I realize there is no way
I can make you come back.
I just have to accept it,
For death is a fact.

-- Deena Bailes

UNSUNG HEROES

Sweat raced down the forehead on number seven, Steve Blakhan, as a roaring crowd and nervous coach watched. Steve's mind was "racing" with thoughts.

How many people were watching him? Besides the forty-two thousand at the game, how many were watching on television? How many were listening on radio?

Steve glanced up to the area in which his parents sat, then back down. Perspiration now streamed down the face of the nervous place kicker.

Two seconds left in the game, and it was up to him. Would he "choke," or become an instant hero? Would his teammates celebrate or cry?

The public address announcer's voice squawked, the anxious cries of the crowd as he said, "Blakhan to attempt a thirty-one yard field goal, Smith to hold."

Steve was now ready to kick the winning points! But suddenly the official's whistle blew. The public address announcer's voice again crushed the bellows of the crowd, "Time out, Eagles."

The opposing team had called a time out to put more pressure on Steve. Now he could not help but think about his kick. Would he make it or miss it?

Steve could hear a cheerleader leading the noisy crowd in some chant. The band began to play a catchy tune as hundreds of shakers danced to the beat.

Once again the public address announcer broke the tension as he advertised an upcoming event. The whistle blew and the teams lined up.

The time-out had expired! No way! There had to be at least thirty seconds left. Steve took a deep breath. This was it. He would either become a hero or a goat.

Steve stepped two yards back as he prepared to kick. The crowd began to scream. The snap came back and was fumbled! The defense quickly pounced on the loose ball. That was the game! He wasn't a hero and he wasn't a goat.

-- Jay Schrimpf

Many years ago,
God gave all He could;
He sent His Son to die for us,
and to be the Light of the world.
By that Light we can clearly see
what God still continues to do;
He continues to give us gifts,
and He gave one to you.
Maybe you can't act,
or sing a simple tune,
But patiently wait on God,
and allow your gifts to bloom.
Oh, Lord, help me find my gift
and understand it, too;
I'll nurture and develop it,
and I'll use it just for You.

-- Becky Campbell

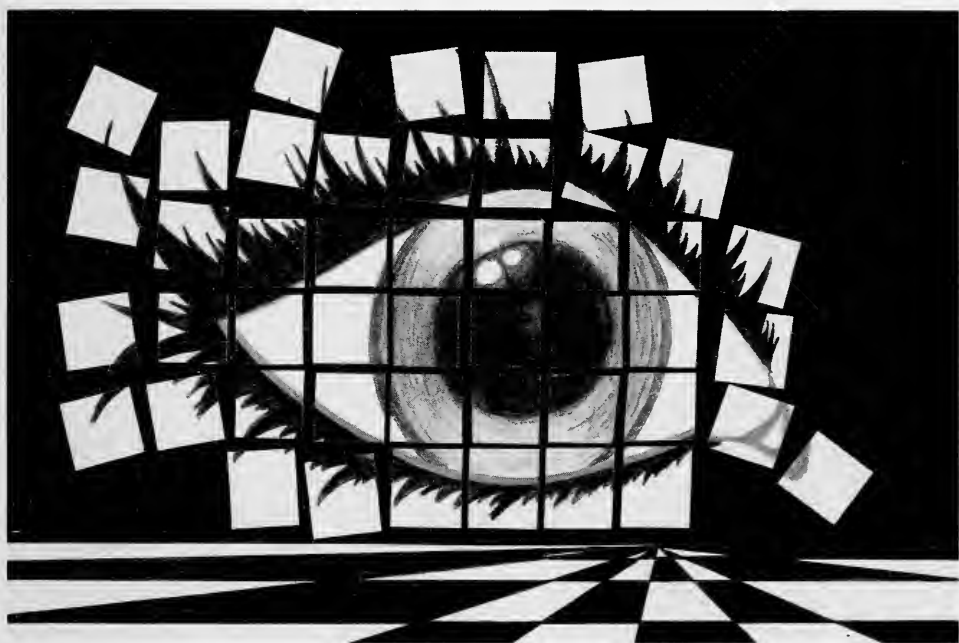
I Know Not Why

Tears are rolling down my face
 I know not why.
Just like raindrops falling from
 The sky.
They are falling against my cheek,
 Just like raindrops hitting
The earth beneath my feet.
 Tears, tears, tears, I
Know not why.

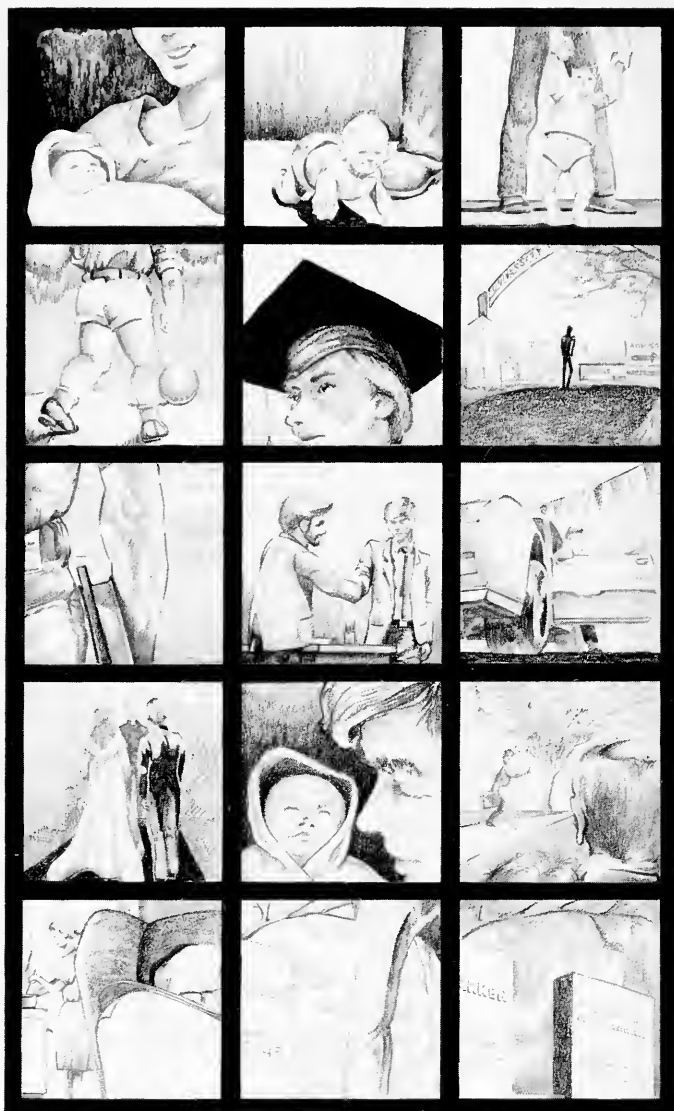
Tears of happiness, tears of sadness,
 Tears of joy, tears of gladness;
Sometimes I sit and think, and
 Memories of the past come
Back to me.
 I can remember my childhood,
I cried for things because I could.
 Tears, tears, tears, I
Know not why.

Whenever I'm sad I cry.
 Tears, I know not why.
Whenever I'm glad I cry.
 Tears, I know not why.
Tears roll down my face while
 I hide in my secret place.
I cry humble tears for God to hear,
 In hope that he knows why
I cry.
 Tears, tears, tears, I know
not why.

-- Angela Bradley



Ronda Frazier



Chris Parker

TO THE EAGLE

To the eagle that soars so high in the sky,
with such a graceful ease.

To the eagle that lifts up his wings,
to plan for future things.

To the one that is valiant and bold.
To the one that is silent and whole.

To the eagle that has such might,
yet seems to understand peace.

To the eagle that has such sight,
yet knows of greater things.

To the wisdom that he bestows,
and for the care that he shows.

To the love that he adores,
and to the serenity that he knows.

To the power that he possesses,
and to the freedom that he expresses.

We admire and adore thee, O Eagle,
for the things that you have taught.

We admire and adore thee, O Eagle,
for the things that we have learned.

-- William Weathers

"We, who you laugh about in these days,
Will have much more to laugh about in later days.
Because we know who we really are
And just because you cannot understand us
Does not mean that we are inferior,
It means that you are living a lie
And are trying to make us the sinners for you."

-- Missy Tweedell

The New Tractor

Aunt Lillian stood over the sink doing the breakfast dishes and occasionally looked up from the water and out the window. Aunt Lillian gazed at the farm she and her husband, my Uncle Wade, owned. Looking to the left Aunt Lillian saw Uncle Wade, and looking to the right, she saw her twelve-year-old son Wade Jr. and his best friend running about the farm. She then looked back at Uncle Wade standing in the yard beside the house, and with Uncle Wade was a delivery man from the tractor company, and the new tractor Uncle Wade had just bought. The tractor being delivered was the first one that Uncle Wade and Aunt Lillian ever owned.

After she did the dishes Aunt Lillian started the wash. She kept going back to the window over the sink for the next hour or two. The delivery man would be pointing to another part of the tractor and then to the book he held and Uncle Wade stood next to the delivery man nodding his head.

About thirty minutes later, Aunt Lillian looked again into the yard and realized that Uncle Wade and the delivery man had both gone elsewhere, and all she could see was the new tractor, and Wade Jr. and his best friend about thirty feet away from the tractor.

Just before lunch Aunt Lillian went to the sink and glanced over the farm again. She finally spotted Uncle Wade walking across the yard and heading for the outhouse between the cattle barn and the big barn. Uncle Wade was carrying the book the delivery man had been pointing to earlier in the morning. By that time Wade Jr. and his friend were standing next to the tractor tire, looking longingly at the tractor seat. Aunt Lillian thought nothing of the sight and went on with her work. About thirty seconds later she heard a grinding sound. Aunt Lillian ran to the window and saw Wade Jr. and his buddy on the seat of the tractor as the tractor cut doughnuts across the planted fields. The tractor came screaming from the field with a plume of dust behind it.

When the dust cleared away Aunt Lillian could see the tractor make a wide arch and turn towards the big barn. The tractor then "lined up on the outhouse like it was being drawn with a magnet," Aunt Lillian told years later.

Aunt Lillian wanted to leave the window and run outside, but she could not take her eyes from the window as the scene unfolded.

The distance between the tractor and the outhouse narrowed and the tractor increased speed as the two, tractor and outhouse, met.

The outhouse held for a moment then "fell face forward like a ten-pin in a bowling alley," Aunt Lillian told us. The front two tires on the tractor slid into the pit below the outhouse, and the back tires turned helplessly in the air. From inside the outhouse came a stream of words Aunt Lillian was sure Uncle Wade learned in the army, for she had never heard him speak them before. Wade Jr.'s buddy ran across the field for home while Wade, Jr. sat on the tractor seat praying to God for mercy.

When finally released from his small prison Uncle Wade tanned Wade Jr.'s hide, and Uncle Wade left that outhouse on its side the rest of his life for two reasons: one, to remind Wade Jr. to keep his hands off things, and, two, to remind Uncle Wade to watch Wade, Jr.

-- Russell Rafferty

My Kiss

At times I wonder,
What it would be,
Just once,
To hold you to a kiss.

Quickness has no part,
It's here, That's all.
I wanted to know,
The touch of your lips.

I wanted to know.
Did you?
I should say I felt so,
Your word would rule.

Soon Tomorrow,
Kisses come.
Kisses go.
Soon, we should know.

-- Donnie Jenkins

SELFISH LOVE

Said one love to the other;
out of the way and why do you bother.

Filled with selfishness, pride, and hate,
out of the way before it's too late.

Too late to regain that which you've
destroyed,
with all of your sorrow, you've tried to
employ.

So out of the way but not with much
ease,
I ask you politely to move over please.

-- Robert Orr

WHY?

Why is Love so hard to see?
so hard to find, and so hard to keep.

Why can't Love be soft and kind,
a special friendship throughout all time.

Love is something we must not overlook,
a special power, not just an outlook.

It contains the beauty of the Earth,
and has all the qualities of the Universe.

It gives your spirit a wind of freedom,
It gives your heart a ray of hope.

It gives your soul a way and a light,
that will guide your path throughout all Eternity.

-- William Weathers

